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UNDUE IMPORTANCE ATTACHED TO THINGS INDIFFERENT.

THE world perhaps has never seen any more remarkable examples of the attachment of undue importance to things indifferent, than are presented in the customs of the Hindoos. By a principle of their religion, they so greatly venerate the cow, that they have been known to die of starvation, rather than taste its flesh. At Travencore, money will purchase a pardon for ordinary murder; but to kill a cow is death without redemption. Even to sell a cow, is, among the Malabars, punished capitally: the unhappy wight whose cupidity so far gets the better of his discretion, is impaled alive.

It is well known that the Hindoos have been divided, from the earliest times on record, into castes, each of which has some particular destination in the social world, which its members cannot depart from without incurring the greatest penalties. The highest caste is that of the *Brahmins*, who are equivalent to the learned professions in our country. The others are the *Cshatriyas*, or soldiers; the *Vaisyas*, composed of merchants and husbandmen; and the *Soodras*, or labourers. Excepting that the Brahmins can condescend to any inferior duties, none of the individuals of these castes are allowed to exercise any other than the hereditary profession. Their business, their dress, their food, and whole behaviour, are prescribed to them by authority; and if they were to presume to exercise a choice in those matters, they would be excommunicated—in other words, lose caste, and no longer enjoy the blessings of society. A Hindoo who, from any such cause, or from a breach of religious duty, loses caste, becomes the veriest wretch that the imagination can conceive. He no longer has father, mother, sister, or brother, or any other relation. To eat with him, to receive—even to touch him—is sufficient to make another individual liable to the same tremendous penalty. "It is the custom of the Hindoos," we are told by a lively writer, "to expose dying people on the banks of the Ganges. There is something peculiarly holy in that river; and it soothes the agonies of death, to look upon its waters in the last moments. A party of English were coming down in a boat, and perceived upon the bank a pious Hindoo, in a state of the last imbecility, about to be drowned by the rising of the tide, after the most approved and orthodox manner of their religion. They had the curiosity to land; and as they perceived some more signs of life than were at first apparent, a young Englishman poured down his throat the greater part of a bottle of lavender water, which he happened to have in his pocket. The effects of such a stimulus, applied to a stomach accustomed to nothing stronger than water, were instantaneous and powerful. The Hindoo revived sufficiently to admit of his being conveyed to the boat, was carried to Calcutta, and perfectly recovered. He had drunk, however, in the company of Europeans—no matter whether voluntarily or involuntarily, the offence was committed; he lost caste, was turned away from his home, and avoided of course by every relation and friend. The poor man came before the police, making the bitterest complaints upon being restored to life; and for three years the burden of supporting him fell upon the mistaken Samaritan, who had rescued him from death. During that period scarcely a day passed in which the degraded resurgent did not appear before the European, and curse him with the bitterest curses, as the cause of all his misery and desolation. At the end of that period he fell ill, and of course was not again thwarted in his passion for dying."

The unhappy man who loses caste becomes a member of a degraded class of beings who form a large

portion of the population of India, and are every where treated with the greatest inhumanity. In Malabar, where monkeys are adored in temples and fed fat with sacrifices, it will scarcely be believed with what contempt and cruelty this large class of human beings are treated. A portion of them, more leniently dealt with than the rest, are called *Pooleahs*. "Banished from society, they have neither houses nor lands, but retire to solitary places, hide themselves in ditches, and climb into umbrageous trees for shelter. They are not permitted to breathe the same air with the other castes, nor to travel on a public road: if by accident they should be there, and perceive a Brahmin or Nair at a distance, they must instantly make a loud howling to warn him from approaching until they have retired, or climbed up the nearest tree. If a Nair accidentally meets a *Pooleah* on the highway, he cuts him down with as little ceremony as we should destroy a noxious animal: even the lowest of other castes will have no communication with a *Pooleah*. Hunger sometimes compels them to approach the villages, to exchange baskets, fruit, or such commodities as they may have, for a little grain. Having called aloud to the peasants, they tell their wants, leave their barter on the ground, and, retiring to a distance, trust to the honesty of the villagers to place a measure of corn equal in value to the barter, which the *Pooleahs* afterwards take away. Constant poverty and accumulated misery have entirely debased the human form, and given a squalid and savage appearance to these unhappy beings." Yet, wretched as the *Pooleahs* are, the *Pariahs* are a still inferior order, whom the *Pooleahs* are as careful not to touch or hold any intercourse with, as other castes are to keep the *Pooleahs* at a distance.

It is a fundamental law among the Hindoos, that the blood of a Brahmin is sacred. Any one who causes blood to flow from the body of one of this venerated caste, is appointed to be tormented in a future state for as many years as there may be particles of dust wetted by the blood. When a Brahmin is offended with an individual of the lower castes, he will cut his finger and throw a few drops of his blood upon him, by which he is supposed to be doomed to everlasting destruction. Brahmins have even been known to kill themselves and their children, in order to establish a curse upon a fellow-creature. The Malabar Brahmins, when travelling, cause the people whom they meet to fall down on their faces, that the air may not be tainted with their breath. Even when provisions for these gentlemen are passing along the road, travellers of inferior castes must prostrate themselves, that the atmosphere may be kept pure till the provisions have passed. No animal, and no outcast or European, is allowed to come near one of their temples. Near Quilone, a Dutch settlement twenty miles to the north of Anjengo, Mr Forbes one evening observed a Hindoo temple almost concealed by banian trees. To pursue his own narrative:—"Pleased with the spot, I ascended a rising ground within the grove, to take a sketch; and in an adjoining tank saw a Nair girl performing her ablutions: she instantly snatched up her garment, and ran to an inner court. Aware of her high caste, I did not attempt to speak to her, but, seating myself on the bank, finished my drawing. In the grove was a Nair at his devotions, who, on the female speaking to him with earnestness, looked steadfastly at me, and departed with her to the temple. Thinking no more of either, I returned leisurely towards Quilone; when, hearing a noise, I looked round, and perceived the same man, joined by several others, armed with sticks and stones, hastily following, and alarming the forest with their cries. I had neither

time for deliberation, nor any weapon to defend myself, but, with a little distance in my favour, ran to the nearest village, and claimed the protection of some *Moplahs*, having received a few stones in my flight.

Upon inquiring of these Mahomedans the nature of an offence so undesignedly committed, they told me I had, in the first instance, ventured on sacred ground, untrod by Europeans, and had seen a woman of high caste in a consecrated tank—crimes of great atrocity among that superstitious people; and had they overtaken me, my life might have been the forfeit of my temerity. The next day the Brahmins sent orders to the English party at Quilone to keep at a distance from their districts, lest the atmosphere should be tainted by our breath; and some of the milder sort sent a basket of live poultry to an English lady of our party, that during our abode there we might abstain from eating beef."

The Hindoos attach great importance to voluntary pains and mortifications. There are hordes of wandering devotees, called *Fakeers* or *Yogees*, who live on charity, and go almost naked. They imagine that the expiation of their own sins, and sometimes those of others, depends on the penances to which they subject themselves. "Some of them," says Forbes, "enter into a solemn vow to continue for life in one unvaried position; others undertake to carry a cumbrous load, or drag a heavy chain; some crawl on their hands and knees for years, around an extensive empire; and others roll their bodies on the earth, from the shores of the Indus to the banks of the Ganges, and in that humiliating posture, collect money to enable them either to build a temple, or dig a well, to atone for some particular sin. Some swing during their whole life, in this torrid clime, before a slow fire; others suspend themselves, with their heads downwards, for a certain time, over the fiercest flames." There is an authentic anecdote of an European gentleman who, on revisiting India after an absence of sixteen years, found a devotee standing in a particular place where he had seen him before, exposed to the rays of the sun, having never during all that time moved from the spot. Their still more horrible practice of self-immolation is too well known to require being adverted to.

We have brought together these traits of the Hindoos, only as forming an extreme example of the mis-estimation of things. Thus to attach the idea of benefit or of importance to doings and circumstances which are either in themselves indifferent, or something worse, is a prevalent error among mankind, not even excepting those nations which consider themselves the most civilised; for long after a people, or some portion of a people, may be able to judge of transactions in their true character, habit may keep up the notion of their value, or an ignorant majority may overpower the voice of the minority.

Yet every error of this kind tends to make a positive subtraction from the happiness of a people. It does so by causing a constant misapplication of the powers and feelings of individuals, and keeping up a standing source of perplexity in all their judgments of right and wrong. The individual, for instance, who has been trained to believe that it is a high crime and misdemeanour to taste the flesh or milk of a cow, or to indulge in some innocent sport, or who has been taught to pay reverence to something in no respect entitled to reverence, can never have so just a sense of the importance of the command not to steal, or of the mischief of falsehood, or of the reverence-ability of what is really reverend, as he whose mind has always been accustomed to consider only that as really wrong which is attended with hurtful consequences, or that as really venerable which is beautiful,

* Edinburgh Review, xiii. 174.

* Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, second edition, i. 253.

good, and beneficent. The reasonableness of such an act as that of comforting the widow and fatherless seems tolerably clear. The propriety of observing the strict rules of justice appears obvious. It seems scarcely possible to doubt that it is wicked to beat or oppress the weak. But to receive and entertain these ideas clearly, the mind must be in a pure and healthy state. Such can never be the condition of a mind which has been seized upon in its earliest infancy, as the minds of ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are seized upon, and impressed with a sense of veneration for thousands of things perfectly irrelative to good, or only relative to evil, but at the best indifferent, before perhaps a single maxim of real morality or wisdom has been communicated. Even in mature years, the power of such a mind to distinguish what is really good, and what is really evil, must be greatly less than it might have been under a more wise training. There will always be a latent distrust of the value of the trivial things; yet the habit of veneration, and the habit of fear, will maintain too great an influence to allow it to shake off the erroneous impressions; and the consequence will be, that all things, good and evil, true and false, will be judged of in a hesitating and confused manner, the very reverse of that in which all such things should be judged of.

While such are the circumstances of a large part of mankind, it becomes a great duty of public teachers to be always endeavouring to lead back the minds of their hearers or readers to the simple maxims in which human virtue actually consists, and on which human happiness actually depends. The very simplicity of these maxims is perhaps one of the causes of their being so much overlooked. Happiness appears to man as so important a matter, that he is apt to think that he cannot do too much to attain it. In his bustling anxiety on the subject, he does every thing but attend to the primary rules on which it really depends. All that is required of his moral nature for his happiness, is expressed—though elsewhere more diffusely—in a few verses of Scripture, where he is told to love his neighbour as himself, to do justice, to love mercy, and to adore the great fountain of his being. In one point of view, indeed, Christianity appears as something designed to abolish the Trivial, which had previously had the exclusive respect of mankind, and substitute the really important in all that concerns our moral nature. It was, if we may so speak without offence, a great preaching of the Onerous in contradistinction to the Indifferent. The other things required for human happiness are not more remote from common comprehension. If the body be supplied with the food required for its support, and no more; if it be kept in a pure atmosphere, and exercised so as to maintain a healthy play of all its functions; if the desires and affections be reasonably and innocently gratified; all has been done that can be done for the great end. A human being might stand on the crown of his head for forty years, or starve himself, or keep two hundred holidays a-year, or doctor himself till he had scarcely a leg to stand on, or spend his whole life in money-making, and he never could be happier than by the observance of the above simple rules, but, on the contrary, would only be unnecessarily exposing himself to misery.

THE PRISONER OF THE GREYFRIARS.

In the south-west corner of the Greyfriars churchyard, there is a recess or walled-in space of considerable extent, stretching behind the Poor's-house, and usually styled the inner churchyard of the Greyfriars. Formerly, this place was more open than it now is, vaults and other burying enclosures having of late years been formed along the walls in gradually increasing numbers, so as to leave now only a comparatively narrow stripe of unoccupied ground between. Even to those who are perfectly acquainted with the existence of this place, which is shut in by a grated iron gate, it is not generally known that here took place one of the most remarkable scenes of a most remarkable period of our history. To this subject we advert at present, chiefly on account of a romantic incident in the history of two persons who were connected with the affairs of which this place was the scene, and which incident forms part of the following narrative.

After the unfortunate battle of Bothwell-Bridge, great cruelties, it is well known, were practised towards the Covenanters who had taken part in that engagement. About twelve or thirteen hundred men, who had been made prisoners on the field, were carried from the place of action to Edinburgh, by way of Linlithgow. These unhappy persons were nearly in a state of nakedness, for, when captured, they had not only been stripped of their arms, but for the most part of their clothes also. As they travelled along, only a few women durst appear to offer them provisions, of which they stood much in need; and even when this was done, the humane act was generally rendered vain by the soldiers, who broke the vessels in which the meat and drink were brought, and abused those who carried them. If any men came forward on a like errand of charity, they were taken prisoners,

and sent along to share the fate of those they would have relieved. Some persons, however, showed any thing but a disposition to pity the prisoners. On reaching Corstorphine, the latter were met by great crowds from Edinburgh, some of whom cried out mockingly, "Where is your God? Take him up now! And where is Mr Welsh, who said you should win the day?" Under sufferings and reproaches of this nature, the prisoners, generally speaking, preserved a patient and trustful serenity.

The 24th of June, the second day after the engagement, was the period of their arrival in Edinburgh. The Council of State, which then regulated the affairs of Scotland, issued an order to the magistrates of the city, directing them to receive the prisoners, taken at the late fight, from the commanding officer, and recommending them to their custody; "and that for that end they shall put them into the inner Greyfriars churchyard, with convenient guards to wait upon them, who are to have at least twenty-four sentries in the night time, and eight in the day time; of which sentries the officers shall keep a particular list, that if any of the prisoners escape, the sentries may assure themselves to cast the dice, and answer body for body for the fugitives, without any exception; and the officers are to answer for the sentries, and the town of Edinburgh for the officers. And if any of the prisoners escape, the Council will require a particular account, and make them answerable for them." In pursuance of this Order of Council, the whole of the prisoners, with the exception of a few who were taken to the Tolbooth, were lodged in the enclosure mentioned. As two hundred persons were afterwards added to the numbers originally captured on the field, it is probable that above twelve hundred persons were at first lodged in that enclosure. They were sadly crowded together, and had no covering to shield them from the atmosphere—from the noon-day heat of a June sun, or from the chilling dews of night. Their bodies had no protection from the cold ground, on which they were made to lie all night as if they had been bound down to it with cords or chains; for "if any of them (says Wodrow) had raised their head in the night time, to ease their position a little, the cruel soldiers were sure to shoot at them." All the allowance of food which was made to these unfortunate persons, consisted of a four-ounce loaf of coarse bread to each of them daily, with a quantity of ale to be distributed equally among them. This allowance was ordered by the Duke of Monmouth, who had commanded the king's forces at Bothwell-Bridge, but after his departure from Edinburgh, the bread was often given to them in deficient quantities, and the ale seldom given at all.

In some respects the condition of these poor prisoners was amended in the course of time, and in other points their situation appeared to grow worse. The inhabitants of Edinburgh were forbidden to approach the prisoners, "save such persons as came with meat and drink, which was to be delivered at the gate, to be distributed equally by persons appointed for that purpose." The show of humanity presented by this permission was in a measure rendered unreal and ineffective by the conduct of the soldiers on guard. The friends of the captives, and others of the people of Edinburgh who were entire strangers to the imprisoned band, were charitably active in bringing meat, drink, money, and other necessities, to the Greyfriars; "but so ill-natured (says Wodrow) were the soldiers at the gate, that sometimes they would not permit the women (for no men were suffered to get in to them) to enter, but would have obliged them to stand at the entry from morning till night, without getting access; so that some of the prisoners would have been famished, had it not been for the daily allowance," inconsiderable as it was. Moreover, "when sleeping in the night, many of them were robbed of any little money their friends sent them; yea, their very shoes and clothes were stolen away from such of them who had beds and couches brought in to them by well-disposed people." The soldiers, besides, maltreated and abused the prisoners on the most frivolous occasions, and when the captives were moved to resistance, the guard got them punished as inclined to mutiny.

Ere one or two months passed away, the greater number of the persons subjected to these privations and sufferings had procured their liberation by signing a bond not to appear in arms again, against the king and his government. About four hundred of the prisoners, however, refused to sign this bond, and remained in the Greyfriars enclosure for nearly five months, exposed to winds, rains, heat, and cold, for the whole of this time, with the exception of a few

weeks at the close of their confinement, when "some huts made of deals were set up for them, which was mightily boasted of as a great favour." Among that four hundred, there was one young man, named Paterson, who came from a place far distant in the west country. None of his friends or acquaintances were in Edinburgh, and, therefore, while the most of his companions in misfortune were enjoying such little comforts as the guard permitted friends and relatives to bring to them, Paterson might have suffered the general hardships and privations of the body in their severest form, had it not been for the extraordinary interest excited for him in the breast of a stranger. From the first imprisonment of the band, a young woman was in the habit of paying a daily visit to the gate, bringing with her a greater or lesser quantity of food of a good though humble kind. It was not long till she perceived that, while others received special attentions, Paterson only shared in such as were of a general kind. His youth and ingenuous looks moved the young damsel's pity, and she bestowed on him, once and again, the contents of her little basket, until the practice became regular and constant. Paterson began to look forward to the time of her daily coming with an anxiety greater than the mere expectation of the necessities she usually brought could have excited, and, on the other hand, the daily visit to the Greyfriars became the hinge on which all the thoughts of Elizabeth Halliday turned. In short, a strong attachment sprang up between the pair. Elizabeth, whose parents, although unconnected with the late outbreak, held sentiments favourable to the Covenanters, admired Paterson for the calm constancy with which, young as he was, he refused to gain his freedom by signing a declaration which he could not conscientiously approve of. Every day, the pair were enabled to hold a brief conversation together, and every day saw their attachment wax stronger, as they grew better acquainted with each other's sentiments and disposition. But the state of their mutual affections was in a measure unknown to themselves, for the condition of Paterson was too precarious to permit them to make love the theme of their discourse. The recusant prisoners were so placed that they might be led forth every day to the scaffold, to expiate there the crime of seeking religious freedom.

Things were in this condition with Paterson and the kind and comely maiden who ministered to his wants, when the fate of the prisoners of the Greyfriars was determined. Before the conclusion of the five months, their numbers had dwindled away to less than three hundred, some having had effectual interest made for them by their friends, others having escaped by climbing over the walls of the churchyard at the hazard of their lives, and others having got out by dressing themselves in the night-time in women's clothes. Of the recusants who remained, fifteen, thought to be ringleaders among the body, were taken before the Council, and charged with a capital indictment on account of their refusal to sign the bond already mentioned. By the persuasions of Presbyterian clergymen and friends, thirteen of these persons subscribed the bond. Two refused to do so, and one at least of these two was executed in consequence. Some time afterwards, the Council, wearied of the business, passed an act banishing all the remainder of the Greyfriars prisoners to Barbadoes. In order to effect this transportation, the Council requested a frigate from the king; but a merchant of Edinburgh ultimately undertook the transportation of the prisoners, in consequence of an arrangement entered into with him by the government.

No notice was given to the poor captives of this approaching change in their destiny, and therefore they had no opportunity allowed to them of taking leave of their friends. On the morning of the 15th of November, at an early hour, two hundred and fifty-seven prisoners were taken out of the Greyfriars, and carried down under a guard to Leith, where they were put on board the ship that had been provided. "The barbarity exercised upon them in the ship (says Wodrow) cannot be expressed. They were stowed under deck in so little room, that the most part of them behaved still to stand, to give room to such who were sickly, and seemingly a-dying; they were pinned so close, they almost never got themselves moved, and were almost stifled for want of air. Two hundred and fifty-seven of them being pent up in the room which could scarce have contained a hundred, many of them frequently fainted, being almost suffocated." By the statements contained in a letter written by one of them during the twelve days that they passed in Leith roads, it appears that all their sufferings since the day of Bothwell were not to be compared to the torment of one day in their present circumstances. The inhumanity of the sailors seems indeed to have been singular. Of fourteen thousand merks collected for the general behoof of the prisoners in Edinburgh and elsewhere, very little was suffered to reach them by the captain and seamen; and not only did the same parties hinder the friends of the captives from seeing them, or ministering to their necessities, but they also stunted the band in the bread they ought to have had, and allowed them little or no drink, though the captain was bound to furnish both plentifully. Add to this, that, when taken from the Greyfriars enclosure, a number of them had been afflicted with severe maladies, the result of their long exposure to the open air; and it may well be supposed that their situation was the extreme of wretchedness. Paterson, who was

one of the parties thus misused, being young and vigorous, perhaps suffered less than most of his companions from these multiplied evils.

Upon the 27th of November, the vessel set sail from Leith roads for Barbadoes, or the plantations, as the regions on the other side of the Atlantic were termed in those days. The passage was from the very outset stormy, and on the 10th of December the voyagers found themselves off the coast of Orkney, in as dangerous a part of the deep as any in the known world. The vessel was driven close upon the shore, where it was anchored. At this time it would have been possible for all parties to have been put ashore; and the prisoners, fearing what afterwards did really occur, entreated to be landed, offering to go peaceably to any prison which might be appointed for them; but the request was so far from being acceded to, that the captain, on its being preferred to him, caused all the hatches, under which the prisoners were, to be chained and locked. The consequences of this inhuman act were most lamentable. About ten at night, a violent tempest came on, which forced the ship from its moorings, and drove it upon a rock. The vessel was split in two by the concussion. The seamen quickly got down the mast, and laying it between the broken ship and the rock, were able to reach the shore; yet such was their cruelty, that, heedless of the cries of the unfortunate prisoners, the captain and his men would not open the hatches to give those confined a chance for their lives, which might thereby, in all likelihood, have been saved. By the dashing of the waves, however, the ship was not long in going to pieces, when the prisoners were left to struggle in the midst of the raging waters, during the darkness of a December night. By seizing planks and other articles, a number of them got on shore, and saved themselves, in spite of the seamen, who carried their cruelty so far as to strike them, and endeavour to throw them again off the rocks. But by far the greater number of the prisoners perished in the sea. Only about fifty, it is recorded, of the whole two hundred and fifty, escaped with their lives. It is a remarkable proof of the trifling value set upon the lives of these ill-fated men, that no inquiry was ever made into this sad affair, though the circumstances now related were perfectly well known, and believed in every particular by the whole country.

Young Paterson was one of those who escaped drowning. After the shipwreck, the party of Covenanters who had got ashore spread themselves in all directions. Paterson and a few companions made their way to Stromness, where they sought a passage to the continent, and, after a time, were successful in procuring one. Their destination was the Hague, where their religious sufferings obtained for them temporary employment in the service of the Orange family.

When Elizabeth Halliday visited the Greyfriars churchyard on the day which had seen the departure of the prisoners for Leith, the shock which the news of that event gave her, did much to open her simple mind to the true state of her feelings respecting the departed prisoner. As she reflected within herself how improbable it was that she should ever again see or even hear of Paterson, a cloud seemed to her to have fallen on the whole face of nature. She walked repeatedly to the shore during the twelve days of the ship's stay in Leith roads, and poured forth aspirations for the safety of the vessel and its crew. She made no attempt to see Paterson before his departure, and, indeed, the endeavour would have been hopeless. But Paterson, whose sentiments were in every respect the counterpart of her own, found an opportunity, on his part, to send one word of remembrance—bidding her “not forget one who would never forget her and all that she had done for him.” The scrap of paper on which these hasty characters were marked, was preserved by Elizabeth as the most precious of possessions. After the ship had sailed, and the news arrived of its wreck on the Orkney coast, hope and fear contended powerfully in the maiden's breast. But she was young, and the former feeling prevailed. Nay, it may even be believed that the prospect of seeing Paterson again was not lessened by the occurrence of the shipwreck, since, if he had (as she trusted) escaped, his residence would most probably be fixed in some region less distant than the shores beyond the Atlantic.

More than three years, however, passed away ere one single word, either of a favourable or unfavourable import, came to Elizabeth Halliday's ears respecting the prisoner of the Greyfriars. At the end of that time she received a letter, in which he wrote that “he was on his way to Scotland, his friends having procured indemnity for him upon easier terms than that of signing the bond. His object (he stated) in writing her was to inform her of the intention he had for years entertained of offering her his hand. If she was not now in a condition to accept it, a word, a look on their meeting, would tell him so, and would save a more lengthened or painful explanation.” This letter excited emotions of no unpleasant nature in Elizabeth's mind. When the writer of it, some time afterwards, entered the door of her father's humble dwelling, and advanced to her with a look of anxious inquiry, Elizabeth first changed colour and looked downwards, but in the next instant, banishing all false reserve, she threw herself into his extended arms, and hid her joy and her blushes on his shoulder. There was a happy family by the side of that humble hearth on the evening of the day which witnessed this reunion.

When Paterson and Elizabeth were married, they, by the assistance of friends, were enabled to commence

a business which maintained them and the family which was born to them, in comfort through their lives. From one of their descendants we have heard this account of the manner in which his ancestors of this generation became acquainted. The story we have told is therefore to be looked upon as true, though, on account of its interesting character, we have entered more fully into the general history connected with it, than was absolutely required to elucidate the story of the Prisoner of the Greyfriars.

ASPHALTE, OR ASPHALTIC CEMENT.

It must have been generally observed, from the advertisements issued on the subject in the British journals, that companies have been recently formed in our metropolitan cities for the sale of a substance called Asphalt or Asphaltic Cement, in connection with certain continental mines where that material is procured. It is recommended to public notice as a most valuable cement for building purposes, for covering floors and roofs, for flagging, both out of doors and in doors, and for various other useful objects. Some account of this substance, and of the condition in which it is extracted from the mines, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The term Asphalt has long been familiar to the world in connection with building. Ancient Babylon was in a great measure composed of a species of pitchy or bituminous stone, called by the name of Asphaltic Stone, which was found extensively in Asia Minor. In Palestine, a bituminous earth is procured in abundance at the present day, particularly from the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, which, on account of the impregnation of its waters with bitumen, has often been termed the “Asphaltic Pool.” The word Asphaltic, therefore, is used to signify any thing impregnated with bitumen, which is the same combustible substance familiar (under slightly different forms) by the name of tar or pitch, and which is extracted both from minerals and vegetables. On examining the Valley of Travers, in the Prussian province of Neuchâtel, about the year 1712, an ingenious, learned, and speculative Greek, named Eirinis, discovered a fine bed of Asphaltic rock, and, probably from some recollections suggested to him by his knowledge of antiquity, began to make experiments upon the value of the rock for cementing purposes. He describes this rock, or Asphalt, as he called it, to be “composed of a mineral substance, gelatinous and calorous, more clammy and glutinous than pitch; not porous, but very solid, as its weight indicates; and so repelling the influence alike of air, cold, and water, that neither can penetrate it; it is better adapted than any other substance to cement and bind buildings and structures of every kind; preserving the timber from the dry rot, from worms, and the ravages of time; so much so, that exposure to the most inclement extremes of weather only renders it the firmer and the more enduring.” Such is the account given by Eirinis of his Asphaltic cement; and he also states that its efficacy and durability were tried and proved on many buildings in France, Neuchâtel, and Switzerland. “Nothing (says he) can be easier than the composition of this cement,” and he gives directions for melting it as it is taken from the mine, and stirring it when melted, mixing with it at the same time ten per cent. of pitch, after which it is to be spread on the stone or wood to be coated, previously heated to a slight degree.

Such was the first attempt made, in modern times, to turn the natural production called Asphalt to service in building. Eirinis was not supported properly, however, and the Val de Travers mines, though occasionally wrought by succeeding speculators, have only fallen into competent hands within a very recent period. Count de Sassenay, who had acquired the requisite experience by his having been for six years the proprietor and manager of the Seyssel mines, became, in the beginning of 1838, the proprietor of those of the Valley of Travers in Neuchâtel. The Seyssel mines, it is to be observed, are also Asphaltic, and had been wrought for a number of years. But, on examination, Count de Sassenay found the Neuchâtel mines to contain a finer-grained rock, and with two per cent. more of bitumen in it, than the Seyssel mines. He was therefore led to become the purchaser of the former, and has established a company at Neuchâtel, with a capital of forty thousand pounds, for the working of Asphalt, and for its sale in the various countries around.

Count de Sassenay states, in the Introduction to a little pamphlet which supplies us with these particulars, that there are two kinds of mineral matter which go by the name of Asphalt, though erroneously so. The first is an earthy concretion of gritty, loose texture, to which the count gives the name of *bituminous molasse*, and which he ascribes to the latest or tertiary formation of rocks. The other substance is the true Asphalt, which is solid, of the colour of soot, and is an admixture of bitumen with calcareous or limestone rock of the Jura formation, which belongs to the secondary era. The bitumen is here completely combined or amalgamated with the calcareous material, and this union is productive of a new homogeneous substance, which alone is the *true Asphaltic Cement*, or Asphalt. Bituminous molasse is a mineral substance comparatively abundant on the continent,

and has been wrought in several places with the view of making the same cement, but has not undergone that natural admixture with calcareous matter which constitutes the true Asphalt, and hence such views have not been realised. This is not only stated by Count de Sassenay, but by M. Rozet, M. H. Fournel (a noted engineer), and other observers. “Many experiments have been made to imitate the cement we have mentioned (that of Seyssel); but in these operations the want of the calcareous matter has been attempted to be supplied by substances, which, absorbing the bitumen, produce a composition which cannot resist the influence of heat or cold, but is melted by the sun and cracked by the frost.” The Val de Travers, where are found the finest kinds, as has been said, of this natural production, formed in all probability under strong volcanic action, leads into the Lake of Neuchâtel. Half way up the mountain-sides, the Asphaltic works are carried on. “The operations,” says M. Fournel, “are very simple, and consist merely in blasting the rock. The cavities for the powder are perforated by wimbles of about thirty-nine inches in length, one of which a man can work as he would a carpenter's auger. This manner of boring appears to be applicable only to the Asphaltic stone. The labourers can work better in winter than in summer; because the rock being harder and more condensed in cold weather, the powder has more effect, and the blasting is more extensive.” The rock is in blocks or irregular masses, not in strata, and there is reason to believe that the whole mountain is of Asphalt. The manner of preparing the rock for cementing purposes is this. “Ninety-four parts (weight) of the Asphaltic stone, pulverised, are mixed with six parts of bitumen, and melted down in large boilers; and the mass is then poured off and formed into large rectangular cakes, which are sold as the Asphaltic Cement.” It is easily re-melted, and instead of losing, gains quality by the repetition of the process. Of late, however, the plan has been adopted of sending the stone itself to the place where it is to be used, and there melting and mixing it with the tar immediately before use. This saves one melting. The way of using it requires little explanation. When melted, the cement is merely spread over the desired part equally, and in such thickness as circumstances may require. In the coating of places to be trodden much, such as footways, terraces, slabs, &c. it is customary to mix fine river sand with it, which gives it more stability, and a degree of roughness that is not unnecessary.

We have now to ask if the Asphaltic Cement has been extensively tried, and with what issue. Count de Sassenay, when proprietor of the Seyssel mines, obtained permission to use the cement in the fortifications of Vincennes, Douay, Grenoble, and Besançon. The minister of war was satisfied by the experiment that it would be highly advantageous to have the roofs, floors, &c. of barrack-rooms coated, both on the score of cleanliness (inasmuch as the cementing was easily washed), and on account of the protection against damp afforded by it. It was also found that rats and mice disappeared where the cement was laid down. On these facts being ascertained, the French minister of war contracted for the use of Asphalt in the various buildings over which he had control. The extensive commissariat magazines at Bercy, and those which supply the garrison of Paris, the roofs, ceilings, and floors of the detached forts at Lyons, the arsenal at Douay, the new barracks at Peronne, those at Mont Louis and other places, were all supplied with Asphaltic coatings, in whole or in part. Asphalt was also substituted for the stone pavement in some of the cavalry barracks. The unwearability of the material rendered these experiments most satisfactory. [A staircase, coated with the cement by Eirinis more than a hundred years ago, still remains, and is unmarked, whereas contemporary stone stairs in the same building are hollowed out by foot-marks.] The ministers of the Marine and of the Interior in France followed the example of the War Minister, and coated their convict-prisons and other edifices with the Asphalt, and with equal satisfaction.

These things passed very recently—subsequently, indeed, to the year 1832—when Count de Sassenay became proprietor of the Seyssel mines, from which the Asphaltic cement was procured for the purposes mentioned. It was not till 1835 that any experiment was made upon the use of Asphalt for flagging thoroughfares. At that time the footway of the Pont Royal was coated with the cement, and its durability, under the tread of thirty thousand people daily, has amply justified the trial. Since that time, the footway of the bridge Du Carrousel, the footway by the railings of the Tuilleries, other footways, and the basin of the fountain in Richelieu Street, have been coated with the Asphaltic Cement, and it has been found to stand equally well the “summer's heat and winter's snow.” The Belgians have begun also to use the article extensively in public works. In several parts of London, portions of the street for foot passengers have also been laid with asphaltum, by way of experiment, and on a late inspection by us, it seemed to answer all the purpose of flag-stones. Various artificial cements, in imitation of the natural Asphaltic, have been brought before the public, but, on trial, they have been found to crack in winter and to melt in summer—in short, to be totally inefficient in comparison. The Asphaltic Cement has been used with success in joining stone to stone, or metal to stone. As for its use in the caulking of vessels, we are not aware what has been the result

of recent experiments on this point. The induration which forms its chief value in coating pavements and such places, might be injurious in the case of vessels, but an additional proportion of tar to the cement would probably amend this fault, and render it useful there also.

We have taken this account of the Asphaltic Cement and its properties, we admit, from parties friendly to, and even interested in, its introduction to general use. But the number and respectability of these parties (including Count de Sassenay, M. Fournel, M. Rozet, and P. Muldoon, Esq.) form a good guarantee for the veracity of the preceding statements. The British public must satisfy themselves, however, upon the subject; and the establishment of the companies alluded to affords so easy an opportunity of doing so, that various public bodies, as well as private individuals, we are glad to perceive, have already laid down the cement, both in places of public promenade and in the interior of dwelling-houses. Its expense, we understand, is far from being great, even after transportation. Upon the whole, from its apparent power of resisting all extremes of temperature and weather, as well as its extraordinary durability, we are inclined to think the Asphaltic Cement may yet prove a valuable addition to our architectural materials. There would be little difficulty also, it is obvious, in giving it any colour in the melting pot which might suit circumstances or fancy.

ANECDOTES OF OLD AND NEW TRAVELLING.

OUR ancestors were as clever fellows as we, or perhaps cleverer, at a walk. They had a class of officials called running footmen, of whose pedestrian powers many surprising examples are noted by tradition. For instance, in the Duke of Lauderdale's house at Thirlstane, near Lauder, on the table-cloth being one morning laid for a large dinner-party, it was discovered that there was a deficiency of silver spoons. Instantly, the footman was sent off to the duke's other seat of Lethington, near Haddington, fully seventeen miles off, and across hills and moors, for a supply of the necessary article. He returned with a bundle of spoons, in time for dinner. Again—at Hume Castle in Berwickshire, the Earl of Home had one night given his footman a commission to proceed to Edinburgh (thirty-five miles off) in order to deliver a message of high political consequence. Next morning early, when his lordship entered the hall, he saw the man sleeping on a bench, and, conceiving that he had neglected his duty, was about to commit some rash act, when the poor fellow awoke, and informed Lord Home that his commission had been executed, and that, having returned before his lordship was stirring, he had only taken leave to rest himself a little. The earl, equally astonished and gratified by the activity of his faithful vassal, rewarded him with a little piece of ground, which, to this day, bears the name of the *good rig*—a term equivalent to the postman's field, and an unquestionable proof, as all the villagers at Hume devoutly believe, of the truth of the anecdote. The custom of keeping a running footman did not cease amongst noble families in Scotland till the middle of the last century. The Earl of March, father to the late Duke of Queensberry, and who lived at Neidpath Castle near Peebles, had one named John Mann, who used to run in front of the carriage, with a long staff. In the head of the staff there was a recess for a hard-boiled egg, such being the only food taken by Mann during a long journey.

Next to the pedestrian feats of our predecessors, were their equestrian performances. The pedestrian was almost independent of roads; and hence the brilliancy of his feats. The rider was not just so independent; but still a rough way was of less consequence to him than to a wheeled vehicle. Hence it arises that some journeys performed on horseback in former times are not much less wonderful than the above examples of rapid walking. Queen Elizabeth died at one o'clock of the morning of Thursday the 24th of March 1603. Between nine and ten, Sir Robert Carey left London (after having been up all night), for the purpose of conveying the intelligence to her successor James, at Edinburgh. That night he rode to Doncaster, a hundred and fifty-five miles. Next night he reached Witherington, near Morpeth. Early on Saturday morning he proceeded by Norham across the Border, and, that evening, at no late hour, kneeled beside the king's bed at Holyrood, and saluted him as King of England, France, and Ireland. He had thus travelled four hundred miles in three days, resting during the two intermediate nights. But it must not be supposed that speed like this was attained on all occasions. At the commencement of the religious troubles in the reign of Charles I., when matters of the utmost importance were debated between the king and his northern subjects, it uniformly appears that a communication from Edinburgh to London, however pressing might be the occasion, was not answered in less than a fortnight. The crowds of nobles, clergymen, gentlemen, and burghers, who at that time assembled in Edinburgh to concert measures for opposing the designs of the court, always dispersed back to their homes after dispatching a message to King Charles, and assembled again a fortnight thereafter, in order to receive the reply, and take such measures as it might call for. And even till the last century was pretty

far advanced, the ordinary riding post between London and Edinburgh regularly took a week to the journey.

In consequence of the inattention of our ancestors to roads, and the wretched state in which these were usually kept, it was long before coaching of any kind came much into fashion. Though wheeled vehicles of various kinds were in use among the ancients, the close carriage or coach is of modern invention. The word *coach* is Hungarian, and the vehicle itself is supposed to have originated in Hungary. Germany certainly appears to have taken the precedence of the nations of Western Europe in using coaches. They were introduced thence into England some time in the sixteenth century, but were, after all, so little in vogue throughout the whole reign of Elizabeth, that there is no trace of her having ever used one. Lord Grey de Wilton, who died in 1593, introduced a coach into Ireland, the first ever used in that country. One was introduced into Scotland—we rather think from France—about the year 1671. It belonged to the famous Secretary Maitland of Lethington, who, during the horrid civil war between the adherents of Mary and those of her son James, made a journey in that vehicle from Edinburgh Castle, which he was holding out for the queen, to Niddry in West Lothian, for the purpose of holding a consultation with some others of her friends—the first time, it is believed, that a close carriage was ever used in Scotland. Fynes Morison, who wrote in the year 1617, speaks of coaches as recently introduced, and still rare in Scotland. For a long time, these conveniences were only used by old people, who could not well bear riding. The young and active despised them, as tending to effeminacy, and as not being so quick of movement as the horse. The Duke of Buckingham, in 1619, first used a coach with six horses—a piece of pomp which the Duke of Northumberland thought proper to ridicule by setting up one with eight. Charles I. was the first British sovereign who had a state carriage. Although Henry IV. was killed in a coach—the only one, by the way, he possessed—his ordinary way of appearing in the streets of Paris was on horseback, with a large cloak strapped on behind, to be used in case of rain. In Scotland, previous to the time of the civil war, coaches were only used by persons high in the state. When the Earl of Roxburgh, an aged minister, was endeavouring to appease the Covenanters in 1637, he was pulled from his coach in the High Street of Edinburgh, and maltreated. He who in old age adopted this effeminate kind of conveyance, had, in youth, ridden in armour at the Raid of Ruthven, so that one man's life may be said to connect in Scotland the period of rude warfare with that of luxurious comfort. It is very curious to find that the same sort of complaints now made by persons interested in coaching respecting the introduction of steam-locomotives, were made when coaches were introduced. Taylor, the Water-Poet, complains, in the reign of Charles I., that large retinues of men were now given up by the great, since they had begun to use coaches. Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, yea a hundred proper serving men, were transformed, he says, into two or three animals. The old-wisdom thinkers of that day were as much concerned about the fate of the discharged men-servants, as the twaddlers of the present are distressed about the needless horses. It is further very amusing to find Taylor, in his antipathy to coaches, complaining that their drivers were all of them hard drinkers.

Till 1664, the only mode of travelling, equivalent to that by stage-coaches and locomotive carriages in the present day, was by the strings of horses led by carriers. It is these caravans that Falstaff and his friends are described by Shakespeare as attacking at Gadshill. About the year just mentioned, the long waggon for goods and passengers came into use—the waggon of Roderick Random and Strap, and which still, we believe, in some degree continues to flourish, notwithstanding all the more lively vehicles that have recently sprung up. Stage-coaches originated less than a century later, and were for a long time confined to the great lines of road throughout England. One for the short distance between Edinburgh and Leith was started in 1660; but there were none for distances to which the term stages could be applied till 1678. That from London to Oxford in the reign of Charles II., required two days, the space being fifty-eight miles. That to Exeter (168 miles) required four days. In 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth to meet Charles III. of Spain, the distance being about forty miles, he required fourteen hours for the journey, the last nine miles taking six. The person who records this fact, says that the long time was the more surprising, as, *except when overturned*, or when stuck fast in the mire, his royal highness made no stop during the journey.

In 1742, stage-coaches must have been more numerous in England than in Charles II.'s time; but it does not appear that they moved any faster. The journey from London to Birmingham (116 miles) then occupied nearly three days, as appears from the following advertisement:—"The Litchfield and Birmingham stage-coach set out this morning (Monday, April 12, 1742), from the Rose Inn, Holborn Bridge, London, and will be at the Angel, and the Hen and Chickens, in the High Town, Birmingham, on Wednesday next, to dinner; and goes the same afternoon to Litchfield. It returns to Birmingham on Thursday morning to breakfast, and gets to London on Saturday night, and so will continue every week regularly, with

a good coach and able horses." Thus the whole week was occupied in a journey to and from Litchfield by Birmingham, an entire space of probably not more than two hundred and forty miles—that is, at an average of forty miles a-day.

Of the stage-coach journey to Bath about 1748, we learn some particulars from Smollett's celebrated novel. Mr Random enters the coach before day-light. It proceeds. A highwayman attacks it before breakfast, and is repulsed by the gallantry of our hero. Strap meanwhile accompanies the coach on horseback. A night is spent on the road, and the journey is finished next day, apparently towards evening—one hundred and eight miles! At that time there was no regular stage-coach from London to Edinburgh; and the newspapers of the latter city occasionally present advertisements, stating that an individual about to proceed to the metropolis by a post-chaise, would be glad to hear of a fellow-adventurer, or more, to lessen the expenses for mutual convenience. However, before 1754 there was a stage-coach between the two British capitals. In the Edinburgh Courant for that year, it is advertised that—"The Edinburgh stage-coach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered to a new genteel two-end glass coach machine, hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy, to go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter; to set out the first Tuesday in March, and continue it, from Hosa Eastgate's, the Coach and Horses in Dean Street, Soho, London, and from John Somerville's in the Canon-gate, Edinburgh, every other Tuesday, and meet at Burrowbridge on Saturday night, and set out from thence on Monday morning, and get to London and Edinburgh on Friday. In winter, to set out from London and Edinburgh every other [alternate] Monday morning, and to go to Burrowbridge on Saturday night; and to set out from thence on Monday morning, and get to London and Edinburgh on Saturday night. Passengers to pay as usual. Performed, if God permits, by your dutiful servant, HOSEA EASTGATE." Here the distance of two hundred miles requires six days in winter, being at the rate of little more than thirty-three miles a-day. So lately as the end of the last century, the journey by the stage between Edinburgh and Glasgow (forty-two miles) occupied a whole day, the passengers stopping to dine on the road. It was considered a great improvement when, in 1799, a coach was started with four horses, which performed the journey in six hours. The usual time now taken is four and a half hours. It is not unworthy of being noticed, that, when the mail-coaches were started by Mr Parker in 1788, six and a half miles an hour was the utmost speed attained. Eleven miles an hour has latterly been reached on various occasions.

The opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, in 1825, was the era of a great change in all popular ideas respecting locomotion. When men first heard that carriages upon that way proceeded, under the impulse of the steam-engine, at the rate of twenty, and could even attain thirty, miles an hour, they held up their hands in surprise. These rates of speed have latterly been, and probably will be still more, surpassed. As a gentleman was lately walking along the line of the London and Birmingham Railway, recently opened, a carriage passed him on its way to ascertain the cause of the stoppage of a train. It went on to Harrow and returned, being twenty-two miles, in twenty-seven minutes and a half—the time which this gentleman required to walk a mile and a half. This was nearly forty-six miles an hour. But even a hundred has been declared to be within the range of mechanical possibility. If this shall ever be realised, it will be quite possible to go to Edinburgh and back to London between the hours of breakfast and dinner. Meanwhile, thirty miles an hour is likely to be the speed adopted for ordinary purposes on the railways, by which means the distance from London to Edinburgh will probably be executed (when a railway has been established between the two places) in about thirteen hours. Before this sheet sees the light—in consequence of the sending of the mails to Warrington by the railway, the people of the northern capital will receive their letters and papers a full day sooner than during the time of the late war, namely, in thirty-one instead of fifty-five hours; and a return by post between the two cities, which, twenty years ago, was a week, will now be three and a half days. We learn from the *Railway Magazine* that a gentleman lately went from Manchester to Liverpool in the morning, and purchased a hundred and fifty tons of cotton, which he immediately took back with him to Manchester. He there sold the lot, and was offered a similar sum for the same quantity. He immediately went once more to Liverpool, purchased the second lot, and, returning to Manchester, delivered it that evening!

We conclude, for the meantime, with a paragraph quoted in the History of the London and Birmingham Railway from the *Railway Times*:—"The ordinary rate of a man per second, in walking, is 4 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12; of a rein-deer in a sledge on the ice, 26; of an English race-horse, 43; of a hare, 88; of a good sailing ship, 19; of the wind, 82; of sound, 1038; of a twenty-four pounder cannon ball, 1800. A railway steamer, travelling at the ordinary rate of 30 miles an hour, performs 44 feet per second, which is eleven times the speed of the man walking, nearly four times that of the good horse, twice that of the rein-deer, and only about one-half

less than the swiftness of the wind itself. But man, horse, and rein-deer, all become soon exhausted—even Boreas is sure to 'crack his cheeks' before long; while the railway steamer is as fresh and strong at the end of a long journey as at first starting. Miles to it are but as paces to others. A racer, such as the Flying Childers, might possibly rival the steamer for the last half of a single-mile heat; but we know a Fire Fly that would do more miles in one day than 360 Flying Childerses. Again—a racer doing one mile in two minutes, and no more, can but carry a feather weight for that brief time and distance; while the steamer could draw the Grand Stand, and half the sporting world along with it, from Doncaster to Newmarket, and thence to the Hippodrome, in one day."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SENECA.

THE name of Seneca occurs so often throughout the range of English literature, that those who have not had a classical education, and have had few opportunities of examining the translations existing of the ancients, must often have felt desirous of some information relative to his history and works. The "grave Seneca," the "moral Seneca," "sententious as Seneca," are phrases exemplative of the manner in which his name is commonly mentioned. Nor are these epithets, taking them in their deepest and best meaning, by any means misapplied.

Lucius Annæus Seneca was a Spaniard by birth, his native place being the city of Cordova, where a Roman colony of great distinction had been long planted. He was born a few years before the commencement of the Christian era, and came to Rome in his childhood with his father (an orator of some repute) and the rest of the family. In compliance with the wishes of his father, the early studies of Seneca were directed chiefly to rhetoric, but his own tastes led him irresistibly towards philosophical pursuits. He entered the profession of the law, however, in a regular manner, and pleaded for some time in the courts with much success. He afterwards betook himself to public employments, and obtained successively the offices of Quæstor and Prætor. It is obvious that he had risen, during his occupancy of these posts, to considerable eminence, for the jealousy of some influential parties at the court of the emperor Claudius fell upon him, and he was banished to Corsica. The charge made against him was that of being one of the paramours of Julia, a lady of the imperial family, notorious for her incontinence. Seneca passed eight years in exile, which all his philosophy could not enable him to bear with patience, notwithstanding that he had, as is generally believed, the consciousness of innocence to support him in his calamity.

On the marriage of the emperor Claudius to his second wife Agrippina, Seneca was recalled to Rome by the influence of the new empress, who appointed him preceptor to her son Nero. The teacher did his duty to his pupil, exerting all his powers to train the youth to virtue, and fit him for the high station to which he had been destined. At first, the labours of Seneca seemed to be productive of the best effects. Both before his accession to the empire, and during the early years of his reign, the conduct of Nero was full of flattering promise. But the darker traits of his character by degrees came into view. Finding his mother an inconvenient associate in power, he put her to death, and had the art not only to persuade Seneca of the necessity of the deed, but to prevail on him to lend his influence in justifying it to the senate. The preceptor's conduct in this instance is certainly deserving of reprobation, but he seems, and not unnaturally, to have long been unwilling to admit the depravity of his pupil. It broke forth ultimately in such a torrent as to open the eyes of all men. Still, though Seneca's counsels soon lost all their influence, Nero continued to heap favour after favour upon his old teacher, giving him villas, lands, and money to the value of many hundred thousand pounds, and making him, indeed, one of the richest men in Rome. This drew down the envy of the rapacious favourites of the court; on becoming conscious of which, Seneca offered to refund all that had been bestowed on him. Nero, who was an adept in dissimulation, would not permit of the restitution of rewards which he declared to be so well merited. Now fully aware of the emperor's character, Seneca put little confidence in these plausible words, and sought safety in retirement, spending his days at his country villas, in the society of his wife Paulina, and one or two friends. But Seneca's name stood too high among the Roman people for virtue and wisdom,

to permit him long to escape the jealous cruelty of Nero. Poison was first tried against the philosopher, but without success. Afterwards, Nero, on detecting a conspiracy headed by Piso, found also that the latter person had sent a message to Seneca, complaining of being refused a conference with him, to which the other verbally replied, that a conference could do no good, but that he had a great interest in the welfare of Piso.

The bearer of this verbal message, a man named Natalis, was the betrayer of it to Nero, who immediately sent a military tribune, with a band of soldiers, to the house of Seneca. The philosopher was found seated at supper with his wife and one or two friends. The tribune, as commanded, simply asked him if he recollected what had passed between him and Natalis. Seneca gave an answer which implied conscious innocence, and which, in truth, renders it not improbable that the whole was a fiction of Natalis. The answer was reported to Nero, but produced no effect. He immediately sent a command that Seneca should put himself to death, leaving the choice of the mode to the victim. The sage heard the order with perfect composure. He requested time to make his will; but this not being granted to him, he turned to his friends and said, "that as he was unable to show his love to them in any other way, he would leave them the image of his life as the best memorial of his friendship." He then took his wife in his arms, and endeavoured to console her. She, however, resolutely avowed her intention to die with him, and, being unable to move her from this determination, he gave his consent. Death by bleeding being the mode fixed upon, the husband and wife sat down together, to undergo the operation. The veins or blood-vessels of the arms of both were opened at the same time. Seneca, on account of his age, did not bleed freely, and the veins of his legs were also opened. When far spent, he desired to be removed to another chamber, that the composure of himself and his wife might not be disturbed by the sight of each other's sufferings. A dose of poison which was administered, was found inefficient to relieve Seneca from his lengthened torments; and, after all, it was necessary to place him in a warm bath, before the blood would flow so freely as to extinguish life. Up to the last moment, he continued calmly to deliver moral reflections to his surrounding friends. Paulina was not so happy as to die at this time with her beloved husband. Nero sent orders to prevent her death, and her wounds were bound up in time to save her. But, during the few years of her future existence, a sad memorial of this fatal night was left in the pallor of her cheeks, which never recovered the hue of life, after the severe drainage which her veins had undergone.

Seneca died thus, in the twelfth year of Nero's reign, and the sixty-fifth year after the birth of Christ. The works composed by him at various periods of his life are numerous, and treat mostly of the subject of morals. He was ostensibly an adherent of the Grecian sect of the Stoics (so called from the *stoa* or porch where the founder of the sect taught), and his principles partake of the unnatural coldness and timidity characterising the doctrines of that school; yet these peculiarities were somewhat tempered in Seneca by a warmth of natural feeling, proper to the individual. It would be impossible to point out, in all the writings of Greece or Rome, moral doctrines of a purer order, generally speaking, than those contained in Seneca's treatises on Anger, Consolation, Providence, Tranquillity of Mind, Philosophical Constancy, Clemency, the Shortness of Life, a Happy Life, Philosophical Retirement, and Benefits. The same may be said of the lessons scattered up and down his Epistles, which amount to one hundred and twenty-four in number. It has been asserted by some writers that Seneca did not act up to the principles which he taught; but the weight of evidence is in his favour, and would lead us to conclude that his own life exhibited the practical operation of the precepts which he inculcated on others. A number of tragedies are extant, which bear the name of Seneca, but it is doubtful whether they are to be ascribed to him or to another writer of the same name. It is known, however, that Seneca, the moralist, did write poetry, and some of these plays resemble the style of his other productions. They are not of a high order of dramatic excellence, being made vehicles for delivering grave axioms, rather than for portraying human characters and passions.

It is our intention in the remainder of this paper to present a few extracts from Seneca's writings, with the view of giving the reader some idea of his general opinions, and the character of his moral code, which was partly the emanation of his own mind, and partly a selection from the thoughts of preceding philosophers. The subjoined passage from his treatise on Benefits, upon the general blindness of man to the advantages which he enjoys in his position on earth, is equally just in thought and happy in expression. "We live unthankfully in this world, and we go struggling and murmuring out of it; dissatisfied with our lot; whereas we should be grateful for the blessings we have enjoyed, and account that sufficient which

Providence has provided for us: a little more time may make our lives longer, but not happier; and whensoever it is the pleasure of God to call us, we must obey; and yet all this while we go on quarrelling at the world for what we find in ourselves; and we are yet more unthankful to heaven than we are to one another. What benefit can be great now to that man that despises the bounties of his Maker? We would be as strong as elephants, as swift as bucks, as light as birds; and we complain that we have not the sagacity of dogs, the sight of eagles, the long life of ravens, nay, that we are not immortal, and endued with the knowledge of things to come. Nay, we take it ill that we are not gods upon earth; never considering the advantages of our condition, or the benignity of Providence in the comforts that we enjoy. We subdue the strongest of creatures, and overtake the fleetest; we reclaim the fiercest, and outwit the craftiest. We are within one degree of heaven itself, and yet we are not satisfied. Since there is not any one creature which we had rather be, we take it ill that we cannot draw the united excellences of all other creatures into ourselves. Why are we not rather thankful to that goodness, which has subjected the whole creation to our use and service?"

In the same treatise on Benefits, Seneca considers the necessity of mutual good offices between man and man, and the "abominable vice" of ingratitude to one another for such good offices. "Ingratitude (he says) is so dangerous to itself, and so detestable to other people, that nature, one would think, had sufficiently provided against it, without need of any other law. Without the exercise and the commerce of mutual offices, we can be neither happy nor safe; for it is only society that secures us: take us one by one, and we are a prey even to brutes as well as to one another; Nature has brought us into the world naked and unarmed; we have not the teeth or the paws of lions or bears to make ourselves terrible; but by the two blessings of reason and union, we secure and defend ourselves against violence and fortune. This it is that makes man the master of all other creatures, who otherwise were scarce a match for the weakest of them. This it is that comforts us in sickness, in age, in misery, in pains, and in the worst of calamities. Take away this combination, and mankind is dissociated, and falls to pieces. It is true, that there is no law established against this abominable vice; but we cannot say yet that it escapes unpunished, for a public hatred is certainly the greatest of all penalties; over and above that we lose the most valuable blessing of life, in the not bestowing and receiving of benefits. If ingratitude were to be punished by a law, it would discredit the obligation; for a benefit is to be given, not lent; and if we have no return at all, there is no just cause of complaint: for gratitude were no virtue, if there were any danger in being ungrateful. And if a man may judge of the conscience by the countenance, the ungrateful man is never without a canker at his heart; his mind and aspect is sad and solicitous; whereas the other is always cheerful and serene."

Many authors have written folios to illustrate the duty a man owes to himself and his fellow-men, but all these bulky books put together could not place the subject in a clearer light than the following few sentences, from Seneca, On a Happy Life. "It is every man's duty to make himself profitable to mankind: if he can, to many; if not, to fewer; if not so neither, to his neighbour; but, however, to himself. There are two republics; a great one, which is human nature, and a less, which is the place where we were born: some serve both at a time, some only the greater, and some again, only the less: the greater may be served in privacy, solitude, contemplation, and perchance that way better than any other; but it was the intent of Nature, however, that we should serve both. A good man may serve the public, his friend, and himself, in any station: if he be not for the sword, let him take the gown; if the bar does not agree with him, let him try the pulpit: if he be silenced abroad, let him give counsel at home, and discharge the part of a faithful friend and a temperate companion. When he is no longer a citizen, he is yet a man; but the whole world is his country, and human nature never wants matter to work upon: but if nothing will serve a man in the civil government unless he be prime minister, or in the field but to command in chief, it is his own fault. The common soldier, where he cannot use his hands, fights with his looks, his example, his encouragement, his voice, and stands his ground even when he has lost his hands, and does service too with his very clamour; so that, in any condition whatsoever, he still discharges the duty of a good patriot. Nay, he that spends his time well, even in a retirement, gives a great example. We may enlarge, indeed, or contract, according to the circumstances of time, place, or abilities, but above all things, we must be sure to keep ourselves in action: for he that is slothful is dead even while he lives."

The propriety of applying the epithet "sententious" to Seneca, may be judged of from the fact, that the whole of his moral treatises are equally full of pithy maxims as the paragraphs quoted. From every page of his writings, striking truths, well and briefly expressed, may be gathered. Thus, opening at random the copy before us (L'Estrange's Abstract), we find, "The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one." Again, "No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants; and that is the readiest way to riches." "No man can be poor that has enough; nor rich, that

covets more than he has." "There is nothing that we can properly call our own but our time, and yet every one fools us out of it that has a mind to it." Such like reflections occur in rich abundance in the compositions of Seneca.

THE YEARLY FAIR OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.*

PERHAPS the last idea that would ever enter into the head of a London or Parisian belle, when she is the envied possessor of a rich Cashmere, is the manner in which these costly shawls are transferred to European merchants. I have been witness to the extraordinary scene presented by a fair held for this purpose on the banks of the Volga, and I think the ladies will be interested with its description.

A conflagration which took place on the confines of Europe and Asia, in 1816, burnt down the little village of Makarief. This event, unnoticed in the European journals, was of some consequence in the mercantile annals of the world, since in that miserable village had been held, from time immemorial, every year in the month of July, the fair where all the Cashmeres were sold that were brought by land into Europe. With the village were burnt the warehouses and shops used by the merchants. Ever since that time this fair has been transferred to Nishnei Novgorod. The Russian government had long been desirous that such should be the case, on account of the fine commercial situation of that town at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga.

Just at the confluence of these rivers, thousands of temporary shops are constructed with the promptitude for which the Russians are celebrated. We see rise with marvellous celerity, taverns, coffee-shops, a theatre, ball-rooms, and a crowd of edifices of painted wood, constructed with some taste, all ready for the opening of the July fair. A crowd of people from all corners of the earth assemble to fill these ephemeral streets. Russians, Tartars, and Calmucks, are the natural population; these are joined by Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, the most perfect order reigns among this assembly of many nations. The riches amassed in this place are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, and the merchandise of Persia and China, are seen on every side. But among the precious productions of Asia, certainly the shawls of Cashmere bear the first rank.

The sale of these beautiful articles is a sort of contract which never takes place excepting in the presence of witnesses. One of my friends, who dealt in this species of merchandise, requested me to be one of his witnesses. I therefore accompanied him to the fair, and by this means beheld all the proceedings of the negotiation. On our arrival, we were joined by the other witnesses and two Armenian brokers, and my friend led us to a row of stone houses, without upper stories; here we were introduced into a sort of cellar. The Indian merchant, who was the seller, sat here, surrounded by immense riches, in the form of four score bales of Cashmere, which were ranged and piled against the wall; he dealt in no other merchandise. The extraordinary part of the business is, that shawls of the greatest value are sold without the buyer ever seeing them opened; they are never unfolded; nor does the buyer even examine a corner; nevertheless he is perfectly informed of their state by the descriptive catalogues of the brokers, who obtain these catalogues from Cashmere, drawn up with the utmost care and fidelity.

As soon as we entered, we squatted on the ground without speaking a word, and the brokers who conduct the whole affair proceeded to business. They began by placing the buyer and the seller at diagonal points of the apartment; they then ran perpetually from one party to another, making known the price asked and the price bid, in many mysterious whispers. This negotiation went on with great earnestness, till the prices seemed to approximate nearer, owing to one party lowering his demand, and the other raising his offer. The bale of shawls was then brought out, and placed between the owner and the buyer; the seller vaunted their beauty and value, and the buyer regarded them disdainfully, and hastily compared their number and marks with his catalogue. Then the scene grew more animated; the buyer made a positive offer, declaring it was the highest price he would give. The Indian merchant then rose to quit the warehouse; the brokers cried aloud with a high voice, and seized him by the skirt of the garment to detain him by force; one hauled him on one side, the other pulled him on the other, and, between them, they raised in a moment the most outrageous uproar. The poor Indian seemed very passive in all this confusion; I expected that the brokers in their zealous activity would do him a mischief, and I found that is sometimes the case.

Now comes the third act of this odd farce. If a fair price has been bid, the brokers endeavour to force the Indian merchant to give the buyer his hand, who holds it open, and repeats his offer in a loud voice. This is the most amusing part of the business, for the brokers seize the poor Indian, and try to get hold of

his hand. The Indian defends himself, resists, escapes to the other end of the warehouse, enveloping his hand in the large sleeve of his robe, all the time whining out his first price in the most dolorous tone of voice. At last they catch him, and, in spite of his resistance, and even his cries, place his hand in that of the buyer.

Complete tranquillity succeeds this scene. The brokers congratulate the buyer. The Indian sighs piteously, and complains in a doleful tone of the violence and ill behaviour of the brokers. The brokers seat themselves, and prepare the bill of sale as the last act of the ceremony. All that has passed is pure acting, and considered indispensable to the etiquette of the sellers of Cashmere shawls; for if the Indian merchant has not been sufficiently pinched, and pulled, and pushed from side to side, and his head and arms bruised with the ardour of the sale, he will fancy he has parted with his goods too readily, and repent of the sale before the next July fair brings him to Nishnei again. The whole affair rested on this important difference: the Indian merchant asked 230,000 roubles for his bale, and the buyer gave him but 180,000—of which the brokers receive two roubles out of every hundred.

The whole company, buyer, seller, witnesses, and brokers, then seated themselves cross-legged on a carpet with deep fringes. We were handed ice, served in vases of China porcelain. Instead of spoons, we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, whose silver handles were ornamented with a ruby or an emerald, or some other precious stone. When these refreshments were taken, the shawls were delivered. All the marks and descriptions were found perfectly right, the goods being precisely as the brokers had declared. The time of payment caused another contest; and when that was adjusted, all the parties concerned were expected to say a private prayer. I did as the others did; but I fear I was more employed in reflecting on the variety of religions that had met together on the business. There was the Indian adorer of Brama and other idols; two Tartars, who submitted their destinies to the regulation of Mahomet; two Parsees, worshippers of fire; a Calmuck officer, who, I verily believe, had a reverential regard for the Grand Lama; and three Christians, of different communions—an Armenian, a Georgian, and (meaning myself) a Lutheran. One of the company told me he had prayed that the ladies of Europe might abate their extravagant desire of possessing Cashmere shawls. As he was like me only one of the witnesses, I may venture to conclude, that he did not draw any profit from this article of luxury, or he would never have put up so perverse a prayer at the grand fair of Nishnei Novgorod.

ANECDOTES OF THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

THIRTEENTH ARTICLE—NAMES.

WE shall have the pleasure, in this paper, of informing those of our fair friends who bear names derived from the German tongue, and others in modern use, what is the signification of their various appellations; a piece of information, which, unless specially given to philological studies, they are not unlikely to acquire. Those over whom the words *Adelaide* or *Adeline* have been pronounced at the font, are, etymologically speaking, *princesses*, such being the interpretation of these German terms. They are beautiful names, and little liable to fall into a corrupted form, though the Ettrick Shepherd, we remember, did contrive to turn the queen-consort of our late king into *Adie Laidlaw*. If the preceding names be of regal strain, *Alice* or *Alicia* is of the peerage, signifying *noble*; and a sweet name it is, for the bride of baron or Burgess. *Amelia*, changed into *Emily* or *Amy*, is of French origin, and has the meaning of *beloved*. Amy Robsart rises at once to the mind in its search for individuals who have graced these appellations. It would be almost a relief to the feelings to think the sad story of Amy Robsart a fiction, but almost all our historians admit that her death was occasioned by a fall from a staircase, the result of a cruel plot on the part of her ambitious husband. Julius Mickle's ballad, beginning thus beautifully—

"The dew of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cunnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby,"

amply shows the general belief of the people dwelling in the neighbourhood of the scene of the tragedy. So that *Amy* is justly to be held as a name hallowed by beauty and misfortune.

Blanche is one of the loveliest of female names. It is from the French, and signifies *white* or *fair*, which is also the meaning of *Bianca*, the Italian form of *Blanche*. It would be decidedly a pleasure to the ear to have such a name as *Blanche* in more common use, and we would beg to hint to fair womankind that it is a matter of no light importance to them to bear agreeable names of this sort. Men may not absolutely marry on the bare score of a name, yet it must be no trifling pleasure to have it in one's power to sound such a name as *Blanche* in chamber or lobby of one's wedded home, when any matter required the joint conjugal consideration. How differently would *Dorcas* or *Dorothy* come from the lips! Moreover, how much stronger is the temptation to sonnetize a *Blanche* than a *Bridget*! That same name *Bridget* is one of the few Irish names in use among us. It signifies *bright* or *shining bright*, and is a very decent name of the Deborah order, applicable with much propriety to good

old housekeepers or buxom dairy-maids. *Charlotte* is the feminine of *Charles*, and has the same meaning as that formerly mentioned, *caliant-spirited*, or *prevailing*, which last character is applicable, we have no doubt, to many fair Charlottes, wedded and unwedded, *Charlotte Corday*, a young Judith who freed her country from a worse than Holofernes, did no dishonour to this name. *Caroline*, also, is a feminine form of the word *Charles*, or rather of its Latinised shape, *Carolus*, and has the same signification, of course, as *Charlotte*. Both of these are common female names, and are not undeserving of being so. *Edith* and *Eleanor* are from the Saxon, and signify respectively *happy* and *all-fruitful*. The original form of *Edith* was *Eadith* or *Eade*, and a version of the name, nearly the same as the latter of these, was the baptismal appellation of Byron's child,

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

This circumstance is enough to popularise the name of *Ada*, as it well merits.

Emma is generally understood to be from a German word signifying a *nurse*, or a *good nurse*. *Imma* was the form in which the name was borne by Charlemagne's daughter, a lady who distinguished herself by a remarkable proof of affection for her lover Eginhard, the emperor's secretary. This attached pair not daring to meet openly, on account of the comparative meanness of the lover's rank, held their interviews in the princess's apartments. While they were there together one night, a fall of snow came on, and left the ground covered. This was only found out by the lovers when they were about to part, and caused them great alarm. Eginhard had to cross a courtyard, and his footsteps in the snow would have betrayed his visit. In this dilemma, the princess *Imma* took her lover on her back, and carried him across the court, knowing that her own footsteps would excite neither remark nor suspicion. But it chanced that Charlemagne had risen from his couch that night, and opened his window, which overlooked the same court, and which permitted him to see, by the moonlight, the stratagem to which love had driven his daughter. The emperor at once admired her conduct and was enraged at the whole circumstance, but he suppressed his ire until some time afterwards, when he laid the matter before his council, and asked their advice. Opinions were divided on the point, and Charlemagne adopted the lenient course. He gave the hand of *Imma* to her lover. Such is the story of the first person in history whom we find to bear the name of *Imma* or *Emma*.

Frances is a very agreeable name, the feminine of *Francis*, and has the like meaning of *frank* or *free*. *Gertrude*, also from the German, signifies *all truth*. We have already remarked how much our impressions of certain names are modified by single characters, fictitious though they be, which have been drawn by the pen of genius. *Gertrude* must ever be associated in our minds with the image of a young, gentle, beautiful, trusting woman, because such was the character of her of Wyoming, who was

"the love of Pennsylvania's shore."

Harriet and *Henrietta*, since Henry, the corresponding male name, signifies *rich lord*, may be held to signify *rich lady*, a meaning not unworthy of the names. *Magdalene* is from the Syriac (some say Hebrew), and has the sense of *magnificent*. Around this name, circumstances that oblivion cannot touch have thrown sad yet sweet recollections. Its more common form is *Madelina* or *Madelaine*, than which nothing can be more pleasant to the ear or eye. *Melicent* or *Millicent* is a name sweet as honey, and *honey-sweet* is indeed its interpretation in the French tongue. Even in the contracted state of *Milly*, there is a degree of mellifluousness about this term. *Rosabel* might be adopted into familiar family use with much propriety. It is immediately from the Italian *Rosabella*, which signifies a *fair rose*. *Tabitha* is a name which was not once uncommon in Britain, but somehow or other it has been assigned over from the human to the feline race. *Tabby* is a cat, and nothing but a cat. The term is from the Syriac, and signifies a *roe*, a very different animal, indeed, from Puss. The famous sister of Matthew Bramble, in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, did much to make old maids sharers with Puss in the use of *Tabitha* in all time coming. In the same novel occurs the name of *Winifred*, which signifies *winning peace*. The famous Countess of Nithsdale, who contrived the escape of her doomed husband from the Tower of London, was a *Winifred*, and a bright honour to the name. A sainted lady of Wales, however, was a much more wonderful *Winifred*. Hear the industrious Pennant on this subject. "In the seventh century there lived a virgin of the name of *Wenefrede*, of noble parents, and niece to St Beuno. Beuno, after building a church and founding a convent in Caernarvon, visited his relations in Flintshire, and, obtaining from his brother-in-law a little spot at the foot of the hill where he resided, erected on it a church, and took under his care his niece *Wenefrede*. After a time, a neighbouring prince of the name of *Cradocus* was struck with her beauty, and at all events determined to possess her. He made known his passion to the lady, who, affected with horror, attempted to escape. The wretch, enraged at the disappointment, instantly pursued her, drew out his sabre, and cut off her head. *Cradocus* received on the spot the reward of his crime; he fell down dead, and the earth swallowed up his impious corpse.

The severed head of *Wenefrede* (continues the legend) took its way down the hill, and stopt near the

* Translated, for the Journal, from an article in a French periodical, stated to be derived from the notebook of a traveller.

church. The valley, which, from its uncommon dryness, heretofore received the name of *Sych nant*, indicative, in Welsh, of that circumstance, now lost its name. A spring of uncommon size burst from the place where the head rested. The moss on its sides diffused a fragrant smell. Her blood spotted the stones, which, like the flowers of Adonis, annually commemorate the fact, by assuming colours unknown to them at other times. St Beuno took up the head of his niece, carried it to her corpse, and, offering up his devotions, joined it nicely to the body, which instantly reunited. The place was visible only by a slender white line encircling her neck, in memory of a miracle far surpassing that worked by St Dionysius, who marched many miles after decapitation with his head in his hands. St Wenefrede survived her decollation fifteen years." The honour in which the heroine of this legend was held, is testified by the remains of a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, and supported by pillars, which still exist on the spot where the miraculous stream gushed forth. The ruins of a beautiful chapel of Gothic architecture are also visible there. The whole legend is carved on the well. Such is the true history of the most famous of the Winifreds.

We have reached the close of our list, or rather lists, and yet we find that some names, not unworthy of being noticed, have been omitted, chiefly because they do not belong to any of the before-mentioned divisions, being in part at least the creation of fancy. Shakspeare and other great poets seem to have been as successful in the invention of names, as on other points to which they applied their imagination. We do not know that *Rosalind* was of Shakspeare's invention, but, whether it was so or not, it sounds in our ears as one of the very sweetest of names, and we would humbly recommend its general adoption.

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind."

The first part of the name is evidently from the Latin *rosa*, a rose, like Rosamunda, but the *lind* is most probably a termination appended for mere euphony. Shakspeare's *Viola*, too (a violet), is worthy of all acceptance. The name, under the form of *Violet*, is not uncommon among us. And then *Miranda*, which signifies to be admired, as is expressed in the exclamation of Prince Ferdinand, when he first hears it,

"Admired Miranda! indeed the top of admiration!"

Perdita, which signifies the lost, or a foundling, is no whit inferior to the preceding, and the same may be said of *Cordelia*, which has the meaning of *cordial*, or *heartily*. But of all Shakspeare's names, one, which he in all probability invented, and which has no meaning that we are aware of, is perhaps the most beautiful. This is *Imogen*. Why should appellations like these lie unused, while the changes are rung upon a limited number of names of far inferior beauty, till absolute confusion is created in families and nations? Why should the *Earine* of Ben Jonson, with the meaning of *spring* or *vernal*, or why should the

"Heavenly *Una* with her milk-white lamb"

of Spenser, which signifies the *only one*, be laid aside and forgotten? Let the ancient stores be drawn upon, and let us have the pleasure of at least uttering a musical sound every time we speak to each other. We say this half-jestingly, half-seriously; jestingly, because we fear that others may be disposed to look upon the matter in a jesting light; and seriously, because we really think that too little care is usually exercised in the selection of names, and because to pass by beautiful names for others every way inferior, seems to us something like wearing coarse garments when fine ones are at our command. The long lists which we have now gone over put it at least in the power of those who feel desirous of so doing, to exert a choice in this matter for the benefit of their yet nameless posterity.

RESIDENCES OF SOUTHEY AND WORDSWORTH.

[The following is from a series of letters on England and Ireland, by Mr B. B. Thatcher, an American tourist; of which a few excerpts were lately given in the *Athenæum*.]

"You may like to know how and where the Poet Laureate of England lives. Imagine the Vale of Keswick then, almost a level tract, some six or eight miles long by four or five wide, and making, to the eye which surveys it from a neighbouring hill, nearly a complete oval. South of the centre lies Derwentwater; a fine clear sheet, with rich islands covered with woods, that wear just now, like all the neighbouring forests on the hill-sides, and among the parks, the gorgeous but melancholy hues of the autumn. A quarter of a mile east of the head of the water is Keswick village, which is one of the neatest and most rural in England, though it is small, and there are no fine buildings in or about it. At the southern end a neat road, lined with hedges and shaded by trees, forks off towards the lake, and follows its borders for some miles. A few other rural roads, more resembling paths, branch away in other directions—leading to waterfalls, views, and so on—for Keswick is the favourite resort of the tourists. The whole valley is well planted with trees. The village itself is so nestled among them, that, from the hills, one only gets a glimpse of its church-tower, and here and there a whitewashed wall glimmering through green leaves. This is the valley. Add an uninter-

rupted rim of rich fine hills and mountains, ranged closely round the edge of the whole oval, over three thousand feet high in places, but every where affording a new variety of foliage, verdure, and form. This is far the completest frame of a picture in all this region, studded with gems as it is. Southey's house is at the northern end of the village, on the top of the only eminence in it, a long smooth slope stretching away to the head of the lake before it for a quarter of a mile; and behind, winding about the head of this slope, close by, comes round a rapid mill-stream (which here they call a river), dashing down the hills in the rear over a rocky channel, and making all the noise it can in its short space, for it soon loses itself, after a vain turn or two, in the calm motionless sheet of the lake. Standing at the Poet's door, the view is exquisite indeed, and exquisitely English too.

Wordsworth, too, lives as a poet should. Imagine the southern continuation of the Vale of Keswick for a dozen miles; its sides coming almost together in places, and here and there spreading out again to make room for a lake, with its tiny islands, and its velvet margin of lawns, lying just at the base of the shaggy-maned mountains that lift their proud heads over them all round—the sublime with the lovely at its feet, like the lion and the lamb reposing together. One of these lakes, Grasmere, is above Wordsworth's place, and Rydal is below it. * * * * * High up the side of one of these, on the eastern side of the lakes, Wordsworth's cottage is perched at a point from which he can look down upon both the lakes. The whole mountain is sprinkled thick with foliage, and the house itself is nestled so snugly into its little niche of a hollow, and protected so well by its shrubbery and trees, that I think it is nowhere to be seen from the coach-road below, which winds up and down through the valley along the edge of the lakes. The view is not complete even from the windows. The poet very kindly took me over the surrounding grounds, to show me here and there, at the end of the dusky walks, whose construction and care have given his own hands some morning pastime, the eyrie peeps at the landscape below him which he has thus skilfully managed to gain. It is evident he takes great pleasure in them. The glorious and beautiful nature which is spread before him is no neglected bounty. It is a continual feast to him. He pointed out to me what he enjoyed in the various views as he passed on through the winding alleys, he leading the way with his grey frock and his old Quaker-rimmed white hat on, and talking, as he walked, of lawns and lakes, and hills and dells, and cottages and curling smokes; it was really like another 'excursion.' Much of the verdure, he said, now clothing the mountain-sides, continues vivid during the winter. We were crossing a small spot of his own, which he keeps merely to look at his soft silky cheerful greenness, and he asked me if I did not notice the loveliness of the English lawns. He thought there was no such thing elsewhere, and said there was even a moral beauty in them, and that they were civilising and soothing to the soul. He then explained why the English had the monopoly of them, alluding to the island moisture, &c. He shears his own little green once a fortnight, but says it should be once a week. Next below his own premises on the hill-side, he now showed me a snugger which is the home of his Clerk, and whose rural taste and contented spirit he admired. Small means were his, but see how he had made the most of them while he still lived within them. How he had contrived to indulge his passion for nature! The little yard of rocky mountain-side, which he had given him off his own, was covered with every variety of beautiful English plants. The rocks themselves bloomed with lichens and mosses; the fences and the little swinging wicket had their share; and the doorway and windows of the small snug cottage in the corner, under the trees, which finished the feast of the picture, were wreathed over with matted masses of vines. Wasn't that Paradise, he asked? And wasn't it English? He had just been five months on the Continent, and he did not know where else to find such rural science and taste in a sphere so humble; and such comfort, and contentment, and intelligence withal; for this same clerk of his seems to be something of a scholar too. He gardens and reads Greek at intervals, and ponders the green leaves and the dry ones in his lawn and his library just as he feels the vein. I had a glimpse of him, with a hat on like his master's, scratching his green over to keep it as clean as a carpet. I asked my kind guide how long he had been with him—this rakish philosopher. It was twenty-four years.

When I first entered the Poet's dwelling, I found him, with his wife and daughter (he has two sons also), and two English country guests, in his small library room. The rest of the coterie were busy at work over a table, while he sat in a corner, with a green blind over his eyes. This he did not remove. It seems he suffers much in this way. He told me his wife did most of his writing for him, and he had scarcely written his own poems for years. * * * It is partly owing to his eyes that Mr Wordsworth has the look of a man of seventy-five years old, when he is in fact but sixty-six. His thinness, and his large sharp features, enhance the impression, as well as his grey hair strewn over a finely formed head, which is half bald. * * * He conversed freely, and spoke of the many Americans who had 'done him the honour' to call on him, including several Bostonians. He said

he should like to visit us, but could not hazard the transitions of the climate. * * * Whatever his opinion of republicanism may be, he avoided, of course, any offensive comparisons, while he still discovered in every sentiment a genuine hearty partiality for his own country, which I could not but admire. * * * He asked me how much of the continent I had seen, and when I said that I thought Great Britain the first country for me to see next to my own, he seemed to take it in good part, and added that certainly there was no country on earth which contained so much for an American to know as England. This was an English sentiment, but I liked its patriotism, and it is a just one too. On the whole, Wordsworth's conversation is a great treat in its way. It is richly original and bold, and yet judicious; a racy mixture of the poet and philosopher, and without the affectation of either."

ROMANTIC NEW-ENGLAND LEGEND.

SIR CHARLES HENRY FRANKLAND, son of a governor of Bengal, and descended from a family of England tracing its high lineage backward to the Norman conquest, visited America long previous to the war of the revolution, and held the office of collector of his majesty's customs in Boston, under the royal government of Massachusetts. His gay manners and licentious principles were better accommodated to the profligate circles of the courts where he had moved, than to the severe morality of puritan society. On some excursion in pursuit of pleasure or business, he chanced to visit Gloucester or Marblehead; which of these towns was the scene of his adventure, is not precisely fixed in tradition. At the village inn he found a damsel of "sweet sixteen," without shoes or stockings, but with the romantic name of Agnes Surrage, engaged in the unromantic employment of scrubbing the staircase. Attracted by her appearance, the gallant knight went up, and then came down again, till he fell in love with the barefooted beauty. The grace of her attendance upon the tea-table aided the conquest, which was completed when he ascertained that the charms of personal loveliness were united to lively wit and a strong but uncultivated intellect. The fair maid of the inn became the companion of the nobleman, returned with him to Boston, and acquired the accomplishments of such education as the best instructors of the time could bestow.

The vigorous tone of moral feelings which has existed and exerted its influence from the earliest day of New-England, was outraged by the connection unblest with matrimonial rites. The companion of Sir Henry, surrounded with graces and accomplishments, was insulated amid a virtuous community. The stern reprobation of uncorrupted public opinion, drove the knight to seek a retreat beyond its censure for his frail associate. He purchased a wide demesne in Hopkinton, and erected within its bounds one of the most splendid mansions of the country. The approach was through noble avenues hewn out of the deep forest, and overshadowed by ancient trees. There, during his summer residence, he maintained the customs of his baronial ancestors in their feudal castles. The stud of horses and pack of hounds, with feast and festival, invited unscrupulous guests to the solitude of one of the quiet towns of the interior. A son by a former partner, named on the baptismal records of Hopkinton, Henry Cromwell, was an inmate of the family, and during the absence of the lord, master of the revels. The house still stands, and although reduced from its aristocratic magnificence to republican simplicity, retains, in the fine old hall and rich tapestry hangings, relics of its former condition.

Sir Henry was appointed consul-general in Portugal. He went to discharge the duties of his office, accompanied by Agnes, and her married sister. Selecting a country residence, his villa was near to Lisbon, but beyond the limits of the city. The most violent convulsion which modern earth has experienced, well designated as the great earthquake, visited Lisbon, November 1, 1755. With the first terrible shock, tower and temple, church and convent, palace and prison, were overthrown. Thirty thousand human beings perished almost instantaneously within the city. The felons, liberated by a miracle, employed the first moment of their deliverance in kindling fires which spread into general conflagration. When the desolation springing from natural causes had been exhausted, the malign passions of men came in to aid the work of destruction. On the day of the earthquake, Sir Henry, in his richest dress, had gone out to the city in his coach, to attend with the court in the celebration of high mass. As he went on, a hollow sound swelled in the air; the pavement broke into waves; the walls tottered on their foundation. His horses plunged down a chasm opened below their feet. Amid falling fragments, he sprang up the steps of a building, which fell as he entered, and he was borne down with the wreck. Providentially he sank between two beams, supporting the weight of the impending mass, and leaving a space where he rested in security. By his side, one miserable victim, a poor girl, was crushed, and in the agony of death tore his arm with her teeth. Agnes remained at the villa until the deep sounds prelude the earthquake arose. At first they were supposed to be the voices of the multitude hailing the arrival of the procession of the religious ceremonial. When the ground trembled with the convulsion, she rushed from the house, which was swept away behind her departing steps, and clinging to an olive-tree, escaped unhurt. Having recovered from the terrors of the fearful visitation, intense alarm for the fate of Sir Henry succeeded, and she sought him in the city. The armorial bearings on his carriage indicated the place where he was buried, and after the commotion subsided, his voice was heard from the ruins. His official station, and the promises of splendid reward, induced labourers to engage in the work of rescuing the ambassador of England. Buried beneath the ruins, in that dreadful time, Sir Henry had abundant leisure to review his sins. The

intense peril waked slumbering conscience to bitter remorse; it excited good resolutions of reformation and atonement, if his life should be spared; among them one was sealed by a vow to make Agnes his wife. After many hours, he was extricated, and immediately espoused his companion, first, according to the rites of the Roman church, and afterwards in England, in the Episcopal form. They returned to America.

Every year, on the anniversary of his great deliverance, Sir Henry retired to a particular room of his house, in Hopkinton, and, secluding himself from every visitor, kept solemn fast. In the apartment were hung the clothes he had worn in the ruins of Lisbon, torn, soiled, and covered with the lime and dust that had been gathered on them. He finally revisited England, and died at Bath, January 11, 1768. Lady Frankland remained at Hopkinton until the commencement of the war of the American revolution. The family of an English nobleman could not but incur the suspicions of the patriots, and her situation became dangerous. Removal to Boston being obstructed, she sought the protection of the provincial congress of Massachusetts, and received permission from one of its committees to proceed with her effects to the town. Notwithstanding the sanction of this high authority, excitement arose among the inhabitants of the vicinity from the preparations for departure. An armed party arrested her journey, and detained her person and effects until the power of congress interposed to liberate them from captivity. The leader of the captors was summoned to appear and answer for his indiscreet zeal, and the congress resolved that he should be gently admonished by the president, and assured they were determined to preserve their dignity and power over the military. Lady Frankland sailed on her voyage to England, and was afterwards married to Major Drew of the royal army. While adjusting her hair before the mirror, in the preparation for a gay party, she was suddenly seized with mortal sickness, and fell and expired in the attire of the ball-room. Such is one of the narratives that have floated down in the traditions of New-England. The particulars have been derived from the relation of a kind friend, and from the corroborative testimony of records and old papers. Some brief letters of Lady Frankland are preserved on the files of the provincial congress. The beauty of the graceful handwriting is occasionally marred by defects of orthography, showing the deficiency of early education.—*New-York Mirror*.

SAM SLICK'S ACCOUNT OF A NIGGER-JOCKEY.

It seems all plain enough, and yet it takes a considerable 'cute man to make a horse-jockey, and a little grain of the rogue too; for there is no mistake about the matter—you must lie a few to put 'em off well. Now, that's only the lowest grade of knowledge. It takes more skill yet to be a nigger-jockey. 'A nigger-jockey!' said he; 'for heaven's sake, what is that? I never heard the term afore, since I was a created sinner—I hope I may be shot if I did.' 'Possible!' said I; 'never heard tell of a nigger-jockey! My sakes, you must come to the states then—we'll put more wrinkles on your horns in a month there, than you'll get in twenty years here, for these critters don't know nothin'.' A nigger-jockey, sir, says I, 'is a gentleman that trades in niggers—buys them in one state, and sells them in another, where they arn't known. It's a beautiful science, is nigger flesh; it's what the lawyers call a liberal profession. Uncle Enoch made enough in one year's tradin' in niggers to buy a splendid plantation; but it ain't every one that's up to it. A man must have his eye-teeth cut afore he takes up that trade, or he is apt to be let in for it himself, instead of putting a leak into others; that's a fact. Niggers don't show their age like white folk, and they are most always older than they look. A little rest, tlen' the joints, good feed, a clean shirt, a false tooth or two, and dyin' the wool black if it's got grey, keepin' 'em close shaved, and jist givin' 'em a glass o' whisky or two afore the sale to brighten up the eye, has put off many an old nigger of fifty-five for forty. It does more than trimmin' and groomin' a horse, by a long chalk. Then if a man knows geography, he fixes on a spot in next state for meetin' agin, slips a few dollars in Sambo's hand, and Sambo slips the halter off in the manger, meets massa there, and is sold a second time agin. Wash the dye out, let the beard grow, and remove the teeth, and the devil himself couldn't swear to him agin.'

GALLANTRY IN A DOG.

When twelve months old, he had attained a larger size and greater strength than ordinary, and prior to this period had shown many indications of astonishing sagacity. He had become exceedingly attached to the female part of my family, and particularly to the children. A little daughter, a child about six years of age, attended a school at the distance of a quarter of a mile, to which the dog uniformly accompanied her every morning, as well as at noon: and as soon as he had conducted his charge safely into the house, returned home. However, pursuing this system for a short time, he was not content with guarding the child to school, but began to escort her home. Twelve o'clock was the hour at which the children left the school for the purpose of coming home to dinner, a few minutes before which, Frank (for that was the name by which the animal was distinguished), with elevated tail, trotted away, and placing himself in front of the school, patiently waited till the little throng came out, when he eagerly selected his charge, and guarded her home with all the pride imaginable. At five o'clock in the afternoon, a similar proceeding took place. It was amusing—indeed it was highly interesting—to witness the performance of these operations by this affectionate and sagacious creature. I have many times watched it with unspeakable pleasure. About ten minutes before twelve and five o'clock (how he contrived to calculate the time so exactly, I am not able to describe), Frank left my premises, and in a minute or two appeared before the door of the school, where, squat on his haunches, he attentively waited the opening of the door: on such occasions the children are crowded together, and Frank might be observed amongst them busily employed in

selecting his charge. Dogs never appear fully satisfied of the identity till they have exercised their olfactory organs, as well as their orbs of vision, on the subject of their solicitude; and therefore Frank always engaged a few grateful sniffs before he took his order of march, which was a few yards in advance, with elevated tail, and evidently in all the pride of self-satisfactory duty; but on the appearance of any person or any animal from which danger was to be apprehended, the dog came close to the child, and forbade near approach; he was particularly suspicious of the proximity of a beggar, or any mean or ruffianly person.—*Physiological Observations on Mental Susceptibility, &c., by T. B. Johnson.*

OLD AGE.

[BY SOUTHEY.]

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are grey;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man—
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast;
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone—
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would not last;
I thought on the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death—
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

—*Select English Poetry.*

TYPE-WASHING.

The *Forbes Gazette*, in a second article on the new method of washing type by means of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, or solution of black ashes, applied to the form by means of a sponge instead of the brush, states that one objection has occurred to this plan, owing to the extremely caustic properties of this key destroying the sponge used in laying it on. "To obviate this (it proceeds), we made trial of a solution of caustic soda, prepared in a similar manner, and found that it cleared away the ink as effectually as the stronger alkali, and was not so liable to waste the mop in the operation. It has also this most essential recommendation, that it is only one-half the price of the other. RECIPE.—Take one pound of soda, three-quarters of a pound of recently slacked lime, and two gallons of rain or river water; mix them well together; boil for ten minutes in a clean iron or earthen vessel; pour into a bottle or other vessel which can be accurately closed; allow it to lie over for a day or two to settle; then pour off the clear liquor into another close vessel for use. The part of the liquor left adhering to the carbonate of lime may be obtained by throwing the wet lime into a funnel, the throat of which is partially obstructed by tow, and pouring hot water upon it; this will force down the residuary portion of the solution into the vessel, into the neck of which the funnel has been placed. The sponge mop should be soaked with it, and gently drawn once over the face of the letter. The form is then cleansed in the usual way by water."—*Scotsman*.

ERRORS OF THE POOR.

The notions which so closely connect in their minds the invention and application of machinery with their own distress, are amongst the results of a want of knowledge most devoutly to be deprecated. Could the machinery of this country be by one stroke of a giant arm annihilated, what tongue can tell the results, the tremendous results, of misery that would instantly be realised? Earth has never yet seen; no siege of a city, however protracted; no war, however bloody and desolating; no revolution, however wild and ferocious; has ever shown a parallel for the misery that would instantly descend upon the head of millions, could any such idea be realised. The means, not only of clothing, but of food and of migration, would instantly fail us; we should be shut up from the rest of the world; we should be reduced into a state in which it would not be strange if even cannibalism were to ensue. The hostility to machinery, to be consistent, must be universal. Each class of workmen has the same right; and if the agricultural labourer be justifiable in destroying the thrashing-machine, the weaver has a right to destroy the power-loom; the printers' pressman would be right in destroying the steam-press; the waterman would be right in dismantling the steam-vessel; and so, throughout the whole compass of society, we should be thrown back into a state of privation, helplessness, and utter barbarism.—*Lectures by W. J. Fox.*

WOOD ENGRAVING.

To that large portion of educated gentlemen of the middle classes who now earn a subsistence chiefly as governesses, we wish to point out this art as an honourable, elegant, and lucrative employment, easily acquired, and every where becoming their sex and habits. We have already done honour to the exquisite delicacy and elegance of the engravings of Mary Ann Williams; we venture to say that few women of taste, whatever their rank in life, can look on "Le Jardin du Paria au lever de l'Aurore" without envying the artist her power of producing a scene so beautiful, and of exciting in thousands the pleasing emotions inseparable from it. Apart from all pecuniary considerations, to be able to do it is an elegant accomplishment, and the study of the principles and details of taste which it implies, is a cultivating and

refining process to every mind. All that can be taught of the art may be learnt in a few lessons, and thus an acquirement made which will afford no slight protection against misfortunes to which, in this commercial country, even the richest are exposed—and a means of livelihood obtained, which, without severing from home, without breaking up family assemblies, is at once more happy, healthy, tasteful, and profitable, than almost any other of the pursuits at present practised by women. The lady we have named is not alone in the practice of this art: we might name also Eliza Thomson, and Mary and Elizabeth Clint, who have furnished excellent engravings for the "Paule et Virginie;" and we have heard of several daughters of professional and mercantile men not likely to be dependent on their own exertions for support, who have wisely, by learning this art, acquired both an accomplishment and a profession. The occupations, we may also add, are few indeed to which gentlewomen of this class can more worthily devote themselves, than to an art which is peculiarly fitted to enhance the enjoyments and refinements of the people, by scattering through all the homes of the land the most beautiful delineations of scenery, of historic incidents, and of distinguished persons.—*London and Westminster Review.*

THE BLOW-PIPE AND ARROWS OF GUIANA.

When a native of Maoushia goes in quest of feathered game or other birds, he seldom carries his bow and arrows. It is the blow-pipe he then uses. This extraordinary tube of death is perhaps one of the greatest natural curiosities of Guiana. It is not found in the country of the Maoushi. Those Indians tell you that it grows to the south-west of them, in the wilds which extend between them and the Rio Negro. The reed must grow to an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is from ten to eleven feet long, and no tapering can be perceived in it, one end being as thick as the other. It is of a bright yellow colour, perfectly smooth both inside and out. It grows hollow; nor is there the least appearance of a knot or joint throughout the whole extent. The natives call it Ourah. This, of itself, is too slender to answer the end of a blow-pipe; but there is a species of Palma, larger and stronger, and common in Guiana, and this the Indians make use of as a case, in which they put the Ourah. It is brown, susceptible of a fine polish, and appears as if it had joints five or six inches from each other. It is called Samourah, and the pulp inside is easily extracted, by steeping it for a few days in water.

Thus the Ourah and Samourah, one within the other, form the blow-pipe of Guiana. The end which is applied to the mouth is tied round with a small silk grass cord, to prevent its splitting; and the other end, which is apt to strike against the ground, is secured by the seed of the Acucero fruit, cut horizontally through the middle, with a hole made in the end, through which is put the extremity of the blow-pipe. It is fastened on with string on the outside, and the inside is filled up with wild bees-wax.

The arrow is from nine to ten inches long. It is made out of the leaf of a species of palm-tree, called Coucoureite, hard and brittle, and pointed as sharp as a needle. About an inch of the pointed end is poisoned. The other end is burnt, to make it still harder, and wild cotton is put round it for about an inch and a half. It requires considerable practice to put on this cotton well. It must just be large enough to fit the hollow of the tube, and taper off to nothing downwards. They tie it on with a thread of the silk grass, to prevent its slipping off the arrow.—*Waterton's Wanderings in South America.*

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

The story of the Seven Sleepers is one of the most romantic of the legends of the Christian church. It is as follows:—When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain, where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured by a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was most miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of 187 years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolus, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake.

Soon after rising from their sleep, which they thought had lasted only a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger, and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of himself and his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that appellation, could no longer recognise the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who related their story, bestowed their benediction, and at the same instant peaceably expired!—*Scrap Book.*

In our next number will appear the first of a series of articles descriptive of a tour performed in the autumn of the present year in Holland, the countries on the Upper Rhine, and Belgium, by Mr William Chambers. One of the main objects of Mr W. C.'s excursion was to examine personally the state of public instruction in Holland; and therefore information on that very important subject will be mingled with observations on the ordinary matters which come under the attention of travellers.

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